



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 12. No. 8. 2nd October, 1939.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney

Vol. 12.

OCTOBER 2, 1939.

No. 8.

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 30th December, 1939, and Monday, 1st January, 1940.

The Club Man's Diary

October birthdays: 4th, Messrs. L. C. Wicks, K. J. Patrick, W. C. Goodwin; 5th: Mr. E. A. Goldsmid; 6th: Mr. E. W. Bell; 7th: Mr. P. F. Miller; 9th: Mr. S. S. Crick; 10th: Mr. James Hackett (1863); 21st: Mr. E. R. Deveridge; 22nd: Mr. T. B. Tartakover; 27th: Mr. A. J. Moverley; 31st: Mr. W. H. Cawsey and Captain J. Bartlett.

*October's a genial and jovial gent,
He has nary a care, and owes nary
a cent;*

*A fellow of friendly and sunny
ways,*

*Who pays as he goes, and goes as
he pays . . .*

Bless'd be his days.

*Likewise it is so with October-born,
Free-giving in token of wine and
of corn;*

*Best of good mixers, no meanness
or boast*

*Betrays their fine natures. So pledge
them this toast . . .*

Bless'd be their host.

* * *

A club of any consequence must be more than a place of comfort and of good cheer merely for a section of citizens. Outside their essential privileges, beyond that inner world of men and affairs, a club should fill its place adequately in the life of the community. The public should view it as part of the scheme of things. All isn't bricks and mortar and cold detachment. Within a heart is beating.

So does a club by deed and example win its finer form of recognition among the people.

Proud among the accomplishments of Tattersall's Club, as representing that service to the community at large, is the fact that from August, 1914, to February, 1920, it subscribed more than £40,000 for patriotic purposes.

And thus, Tattersall's Club is known to the public as an institution of public worth; and its continued welfare naturally is something for which the public in all circumstances would ardently wish.

"They'll be flying horses to courses next," was the comment of a veteran in the club—one who goes back to the days when they led horses to courses many miles away and apart. He had just been told that Mr. W. J. Smith and Mr. Alan Cooper had acquired a four-passenger Stinson 'plane, mainly for the purpose of travelling between Sydney and Scone, where the former has St. Aubin's stud and the latter a private race track.

Constable: Yes, a tip.

Magistrate (Mr. Storm, S.M.): Epsom or Metrop.?

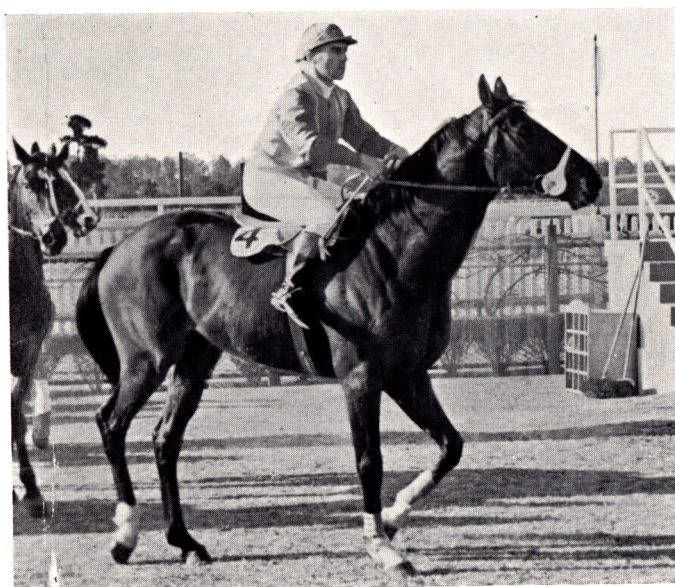
Sergeant: What else?

Constable Aerial: They said they were in a great hurry to get on.

Magistrate: Price shortening, I suppose?

Constable: No, Your Worship, George's name was never mentioned. Time was shortening, they said.

Magistrate: Did they say in what



Defaulter—Winner of the Chelmsford Stakes, 1939.

The 'plane goes the distance in 1¼ hour, or against 5½ hours by car.

"They may even break that record," we suggested to the veteran.

"Yes," he mused, "the sky's the limit."

At the Central Police Court today W. J. Smith and Alan Cooper were charged with having exceeded the speed limit between Scone and Sydney. Both pleaded not guilty.

Constable Aerial testified: I was on patrol duty, secreted behind a cloud when I was awakened by the roar of engines. I saw a 'plane approaching from the direction of Scone. I halted it and questioned the defendants. They told me something.

Sergeant Cumulus (prosecutor): Did they offer you anything?

time the Derby should be run? Time shortening leads to price shortening. Same thing.

Miss Gertie Glimmer deposed on oath that she was formerly employed as a barmaid in Castlereagh St., but was now an angel. She had accepted an invitation of Constable Aerial to drop down and see him some time, and he was telling her the latest story—a very earthy one—when the Stinson hove in sight.

She had, she said, timed the 'plane over a given distance with a stop watch which a punter had left with her as security for a loan from the till.

"And," she added, "like a tilly thing I believed he would return. However, as regards this charge, I just want to say that never in my

life—my other life, I mean—did I meet either gentleman. But, of course, I heard of them. And they were never fast."

"That's the spirit!" broke in Mr. Cooper.

Mr. Smith was about to add something when she vanished, just as if an electric light had been switched off.

"My view," commented the magistrate, in dismissing the information, "is that a charge should never have been framed against these gentlemen. A "please ex-'plane" would have been sufficient in the circumstances."

* * *

When "the lights went out in Europe," to borrow a classic phrase employed by a diplomat as Hitler plunged the nations into war, darkness also descended on vessels at sea. Dr. Yorke Pittar was at Aden, returning from post-graduate work in England, when the fatal news arrived. Then "the gay lounges became ghostly places, with a dull blue light here and there . . . In the murky light we played games and sometimes we danced." He gave these, among other impressions, in the course of an interview when the boat berthed at Sydney.

* * *

Mr. N. B. Freeman, managing director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has succeeded Sir Victor Wilson as president of the Motion Picture Distributors' Association. It is a post of distinction in the motion picture world; one as much for a man of goodwill as a well-equipped personality. "Bernie" Freeman has

the requisite human qualities as well as the essential official attributes.

* * *

Reporting that:

The 12th Annual Ball was a great success.

Announcing that:

The next club function of importance will be the New Year's Eve dance.

Hoping that:

You will bring along a party. Start thinking about it now.

* * *

No, I'm not going to tell you that story about Hitler. It's the latest, but they're being turned out so quickly that the latest at lunch-hour becomes the stalest at dinner. But among the clever and clean observations this one is given honorable mention — notice on the Maginot Line:

"Thus far and no Fuehrer."

* * *

Dr. E. A. Marsden has been appointed Deputy Superintendent of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Congratulations.

* * *

SPOTLIGHT ON SEPTEMBER MEETING.

The Club's September meeting attracted a crowd greater by several thousands than the roll-up of the previous year, and the race of the day, the Chelmsford Stakes—now gathering unto itself turf glamour and history—engaged a more spectacular field. Incidentally the race almost provided the greatest upset since Gloaming won in 1918. That unknown gelding, destined to become the racehorse of an era—and

the greatest seafarer until Frank Goldberg and John Fuller took up the running neck-and-neck across the Tasman and back—that sensational outsider of the 1918 Chelmsford Stakes was owned by the father of the sportsman whose colours Defaulter carries—Defaulter which stretched a short head between itself and Sensation.

Sensation's the word. How are we all caught up, even the most imperturbable, by the commotion, the surge, the 'tumult that possess a multitude on the fall of a champion and a favourite. I could go on writing picturesque definitions, but there's one word in the vernacular that expresses all—upset. Not that you and I are upset. A short head's as good as a mile if it means we do not tear up our tickets. But calculations, certainties almost, are turned upside down—upset.

Perhaps an occasional upset does a good deal for racing by way of stimulation. Form confounded, a champion beaten, a "dark horse's" triumph—those are the episodes that keep interest sizzling as much as a string of wins, the shrewd placing of horses, the almost scientific evasions, the clash of champions that occur only in the field of print.

Of course, I write as a race-goer merely, one without investment in the fortunes of horseflesh more than that represented by a modest wager on something picked out of the hat—and no post-mortems. When these speculations come home you get more real joy out of the racing than by backing what others have been told by others.

(Continued on page 5.)

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CLUB MAN'S DIARY

(Continued from page 3.)

However Defaulter fares in the future, he will be remembered by us who saw him led into his stall, unrugged, then paraded, as one of the finest specimens ever to grace Randwick. I heard a veteran, probably a back-to-the-Carbine-days man, say that the N.Z. horse had the quality of the old 'uns. If it were a case of back to elementals, he would be drawing a Royal coach while certain others we saw would be making the morning delivery.

I noticed also that Defaulter's bridle sported the red and yellow colours of his owner. Remember the white trappings of the late John ("Baron") Brown?

N.Z. jockey Ellis and our Darby Munro are look-alikes in colouring. Had they lived "in the days when our beards were black" what ziffs they would have sported—with the possibility of protests on plea of the straggling length having got into the eyes of the moke behind as he was about to make his run. And what deadweight a beard would represent—a beard of the strength grown by Ellis or Munro! Or take the positive viewpoint — it was a great race down the straight. . . . Munro finally beating Ellis by a whisker!

I should say, without prejudice, and apart from observations at the September meeting, that it would be a great upset were either John A. Roles or Frank Underwood to be detached from his cigar.

Judge Coyle was there, looking much the same as in years gone by. As an old oarsman of note, perhaps his Honour would have set a higher rating in certain of the races.

I sat near the joint owners of John Peel—Sir Sidney Snow and Mr. A. C. Lewis—during the running of the Novice. The broadcaster announced: "John Peel's falling back. John Peel's falling farther back." But they could take it.

Opposite me at the luncheon were Herc McIntyre, Universal's Chief, and Alf. Collins. We said to Herc: "You wear well. What's the recipe?" He answered: "Ask Alf; he wears better." Mr. Collins retains that youthful appearance until comes a Test cricket season, when he sheds weight and his brow takes on deep furrows out of sheer excitement. If Alf ever writes his reminiscences of one English tour of Australia, in particular, I would like to get hold of an unexpurgated edition.

Mr. McIntyre told of racecourses he had visited during business visits to the U.S.A., but agreed that, for atmosphere and setting, Randwick took a lot of licking.

"And how do the horses compare, Herc?" we inquired.

"As one who has seldom collected on a winner, much less led in a winner, how should I know?" he says. "I remember Hugh Ward once picking a horse at Randwick on his own judgment—none of your experts for Hugh. As they turned into the

straight, with Hugh's neddy drawing farther and farther behind, he shouted: "Hey! Stop the race. They're running the wrong way round." I've often felt that way about it."

"Pleasant are the breezes in the treeses," it was remarked to John Ruthven apropos the lovely day. I cannot vouch for John's reply, as related: "Yes; but have you seen the wenches on the benches?" He was, of course, referring (if at all) to the display of lovely womanhood. They came over in mass formation, true harbingers of spring. Among them, Mrs. D. C. Clayton, who had a winner in Astounding. She was the "delightful vision" of Edmund Burke's phrasing when she appeared in the bird cage to see Tony mounted for the last race. The male folk flocked towards her, the lone, dainty figure of a woman, rarely within such precincts. There were curtsies, doffing of hats, and quite a gala greeting. She was Spring personified—and gone was the winter of our discontent.

Sir Marcus Clark asked me the price of a horse he fancied. I left him studying prices. Within a few days he was appointed a Prices Commissioner. So what could I have told him?

Bert McDonald walked across to our group and we turned attention to Mr. John ("Pilot") Dexter, doyen of racing writers, one of the best-liked and best-trusted of the men who go racing. We were happy to know that "Pilot's" notes would not cease with the demise of the "Referee," but would live again in the pages of "The Bulletin." Bert, growing reminiscent, told us of the

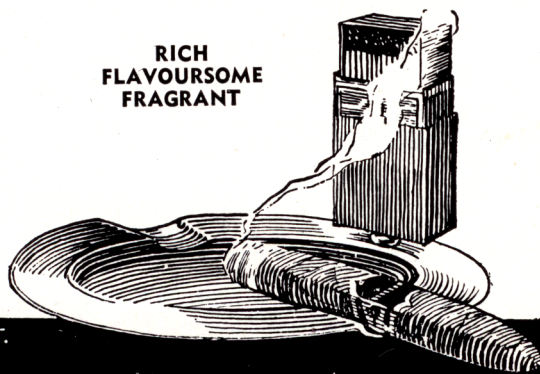
(Continued on page 7.)

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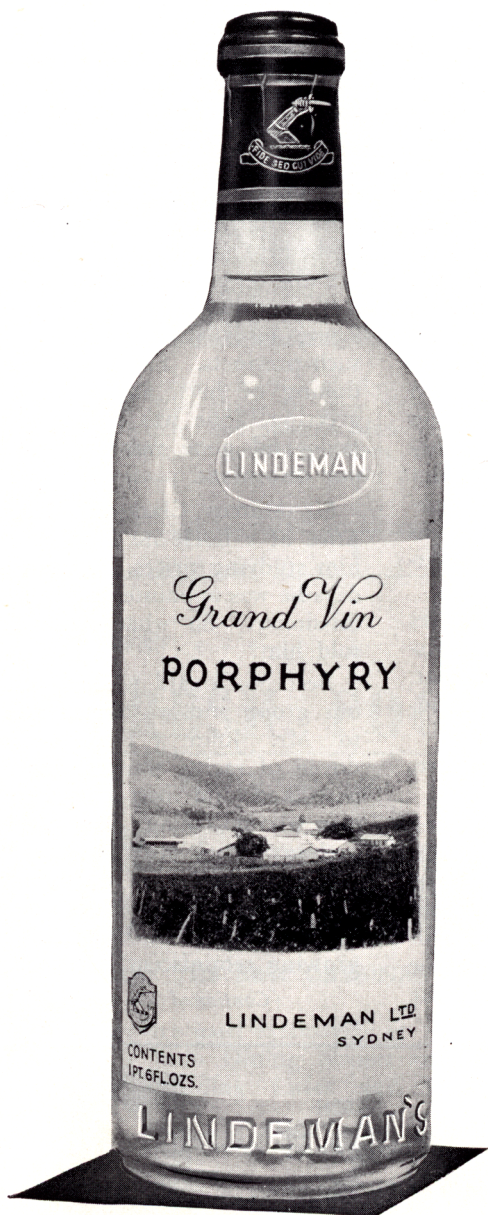
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33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Club Man's Diary

(Continued from page 5.)

time the general manager of a Sydney metropolitan daily newspaper had offered Hugh D. McIntosh a terrific price for the "Referee"—something like £100,000. Hugh D., however, would not part with his pet.

Mr. W. R. Dovey, K.C., usually gives good advice. That's his job. Saw Bert Cruttenden in consultation with him. Met Bert at the settling on Monday. "I didn't back a winner," he told me.

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) stood aside as a mark of deference while the former chairman (Mr. James Barnes) entered the weighing room. The veteran turned and acknowledged the gesture. Such courtesies mark the real men of life; they are the distinctions that in the ultimate appraise a man's worth. They represent more than common courtesy, and are all that's epitomised in noblesse oblige.

We were assessing the chances of Beau Repaire when "Billy" Longworth walked by. I mentioned that he had caused an upset years ago at a swimming carnival by beating home Frank Beaurepaire and Cecil Healy (killed later in the Great War, 1914-18). The race had been regarded as a Healy-Beaurepaire match. Anyhow, was there a tip in the appearance of Mr. Longworth at that moment? My materialistic friend ruled it out definitely. He said that if I could let him feel the weight of money for any horse he would regard that as a good tip. Anybody who bet otherwise should be located in the Ladies' Stand he added. Then:

"Ladies Stand!" he exclaimed. "Ladies' Stand! Astounding is owned by a lady. That's the tip." And off he rushed to get on. Astounding, isn't it?

One of my horses met with a sticky end—Billposter. More paste than pace on the day.

Some of the nags annoyed me

Rural Members

Mr. H. E. Arthur of Curra Station, Peak Hill.

H. E. ("Harry") Arthur of Curra Station, Peak Hill, is one of our rural members who makes frequent visits to the metropolis thereby making it possible for his city friends to enjoy his much sought-after company.

The Arthur family and Peak Hill are synonymous terms. One cannot receive mention without the other. When not engaged with the problems of Australia's wool production per medium of a selected flock of merinos, Harry turns an attentive ear to picnic races and also those places where the serious side of "picking 'em" is uppermost in the minds of all present.

A couple of years back, Harry suffered severe loss when fire razed

greatly because of the names they bore—queer corruptions and unimaginative cullings; the many meaningless, the very few creating a happy combination of sire and dam; and some apparently picked out of a hat. Now, a horse worth racing is a horse worth naming well and appropriately. Why not call in men of imagination?

Met a wag who, after the running of the Novice, said: "Well, you can back me for the Tramway"—and he made his way out of the course.

Petruchio made a great race of it for Mr. Alan Cooper in the Three and Four-Year-Old Handicap. It was not, as Petruchio exclaims in "Taming of the Shrew": "'Twas I won the wager." Rather was it as Hortensio counsels: "Petruchio, patience." Of course, that all had to do with the wooing and the wedding of Katharina, the glamour girl of that age. Yet we who are patient with Petruchio may soon get it all back, and Alan Cooper say: "'Twas I won the wager."

his homestead to the ground and caused rare havoc over his holding. That was a test for any man but H. E. A. carried on and rebuilt a magnificent home without the bat of an eyelid. That typifies the man. Quiet and unassuming, one has to know Harry well to thoroughly appreciate his good qualities. He does not proclaim them from the hilltops but you learn them quickly enough by close contact.

Owner, in the past, of prads possessed of pace, the Arthur colours have caught the judge's eye on many an occasion, to the great joy of a huge circle of friends. The only time our subject may argue is if by some mischance a misguided statement might be made reflecting on Peak Hill as a district. Harry is as loyal to his home town as to his associates. What more could one wish?

Mr. J. Carr of Binda, via Goulburn.

J. Carr (Jim to his pals) of Binda, Goulburn, is another of Australia's stalwarts in the production of wool. His merinos are quoted among the cognoscenti and each year when the nations of the world foregather to judge and purchase our output at their own assessment of value, the Binda fleece is quoted as a standard. That is as it should be, because the late Arthur Carr, a brother, made his brand famous with his breeding of Romney Marsh and though treating with a different texture, Jim sees to it that Binda fleeces measure up in quality.

Jim does not require directions when a big meeting is scheduled for Randwick. He knows the exact location of that course and all the others that matter. Did he not own that excellent performer Prittle Prattle?

The Carr family has ever been closely linked with Goulburn and district and in the early days many a helping hand has been given to some of the less fortunate. Jim carries on the tradition just as would be expected of a Carr.

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"It Was Because of Binns"

Condensed from "The Commentator."

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

If King George VI. should ever write and ask me why I cheered him when he visited New York, I should answer frankly:

"It was because one of the humblest of your subjects once made me feel that, even though a republic is the best form of government, there must be something in a government like your's, since it can produce a woman like her. It was because of Binns."

In June, 1914, my wife and I bought a little house in Yorkshire. We advertised for a housekeeper and Binns answered. She was a statue of British respectability and restraint; a symbol of conscious competence. Calm grey eyes that looked straight through you; long, solemn face and apron; hair drawn tight away from forehead. A naturally perpendicular front and rear. You couldn't guess her age—dared not ask. Her bearing politely repelled familiarity; we didn't even learn her Christian name before we parted from her.

She told us she'd spent "thirty years in service in gentlemen's houses." And it wasn't clear whether or not she considered me in exactly that category. For, in respectful formulae ("If I may say so, ma'am—I hope I know my place, sir, but——") Binns laid down the law.

We went to the village church for Evensong. "It's usual for the gentry to go to morning service, isn't it?" said Binns. So thereafter we went to morning service.

Nobody called. "In Yorkshire, one gets to know the vicar first; then, if he approves of one, naturally the gentry leave cards, don't they?" So my wife bowed to the vicar's wife, and we began to get invitations to garden parties, and people dropped in for tea.

One autumnal afternoon I came home late and let a basin scrub pinch-hit for a bath and change. My route to the dining-room passed

a post self-chosen by vigilant Binns. You'd have thought an iceberg had parked below the nearest cliff.

I murmured a weak, "Hello, Binns." Firmly she took me up. "Good evening, sir. Couldn't you find your evening clothes, sir? I ordered them laid out as usual. I do beg pardon, sir." Thereafter I always dressed for dinner.

The neat soul of Binns abhorred dogs. After our younger servants left us for war work, our wire-haired produced four puppies, and Binns gave notice:

"I hope I know my place, Ma'am, but it doesn't embrace the kennels—not even in wartime, it doesn't."

She packed her box, waited with it in the kitchen for the carrier. Then, seeing him drive away without a passenger, my wife and I investigated. Binns knelt on the kitchen floor, fitting an impromptu splint to a pup's leg which had been broken by a carelessly dropped box.

"Of course, I couldn't think of leaving madam with an injured dog on her hands."

Duty, you see.

Our house looked distantly down upon the city of Scarborough. Binns' ritual for me began rigidly at 8 a.m., when—it was her own ruling—she'd decorate me with a cup of tea. Bearing a tiny tray outstretched, she'd knock discreetly, enter the bedroom, walk three stately paces forward, execute a right turn, walk six paces more, deposit tray on bed table, answer my matutinal murmur with formal words about the weather, execute one left turn, then another, and leave me to my orange pekoe.

One morning, precise and unhurried, she set down the tray and added her weather report. Then, "I rather think they're bombarding Scarborough, sir."

Drugged by sleep, I stuttered: "Wh—who are?"

"I expect it would be the Germans, sir; wouldn't it, sir? Good morning, sir."

It was England's first bombardment!

My wife said: "Should Binns be England—and I suspect she is—the Allies are going to win this war."

When we left for America, Binns closed the house behind us, shipped the dogs. They arrived in New York with travel-stained pink ribbons around their necks and a note expressing her cold trust that we would "find them satisfactory." Thenceforth her sole communications were Christmas cards: "Respectfully, Martha Jane Binns"—never the writer's address.

"Keeping us in our place," said I.

Finally the Christmas cards stopped. I didn't think of Binns again until we went to London for the coronation of King George VI. One evening my wife went to the opera. Over my lonely coffee in the hotel lounge I heard a radio telling of traffic accidents among the coronation crowds.

"—and Martha Jane Binns, 71, unmarried, no address. At Charing Cross Hospital—"

"Back broken," the intern at the hospital told me. "No relatives. 'Won't last the night out.' He took me to her cot."

Still that firm, long, solemn face; no faltering. She showed some satisfaction in my visit, but rather—I at first thought—as if commending me, one of her alumni, for having done the proper thing.

"I trust madam is quite well?"

"Quite—and in London. She hasn't heard of your accident, or she'd be here with me."

"Thank you, sir."

The quiet voice was just as always. Marvellously she evaded my condolences, nodded politely, but quite unbelievably, to my feeble lies about her chances for recovery.

Then I said:

(Continued on page 20.)

A Sailor on Horseback

Life Story of Admiral Rous, the Jockey Club's Great Handicapper

Abridged from "Kings of the Turf," by "Thormanby," 1898.

The Turf, I suppose, may be regarded as an essentially democratic institution. To attain eminence there a man need not have birth or breeding to back him up; its honours and prizes are as open to a John Gully as to a Prince of Wales. But, like most other democracies, the Turf occasionally breeds a despot. Such a one was Sir Charles Bunbury; also, in a greater degree, Lord George Bentinck and in a more striking form even than he, Admiral Rous. Indeed, I will venture to say that since the Turf first became a national institution, no one man has ever exercised over it such a commanding influence as the old sea-dog who for nearly 40 years framed its handicaps and enforced its laws.

Second son of the Earl of Stradbroke, the Hon. Henry James Rous was born on January 23, 1795. After a distinguished naval career, he retired in 1836. From that moment, the Turf, to which he had always been passionately attached, claimed him for its own. In 1838 he was elected a steward of the Jockey Club, and in 1841 was returned to Parliament. In 1846 he retired from politics and devoted himself entirely to his duties as a Steward of the Jockey Club, of which body he soon became the ruling spirit.

In 1850 Captain Rous published his work on "The Laws and Practice

of Horse-racing," which showed a profound knowledge of the subject, coupled with very decided views on certain points. He was no believer in the vaunted superiority of the



Admiral Rous

Arab. A first-class English racehorse, he maintained, could give 6 stone to the best Arabian that can be found for any distance under ten miles. Nor was he one of those who extol the past at the expense of the present. "I suspect," he said, "that the form of the best horses of 1750 was inferior to that of a common plater of the present day." He

was not opposed to sprint-racing in theory, but in practice he admitted that "short races are detrimental to young riders; it encourages them to fight for the starts and to ride like chimney-sweeps on donkeys."

Rous thought that races should be made up to 2 miles to suit every description of horse, but racing beyond that distance he regarded as barbarous. It was his strongly-expressed opinion about handicapping, however, that perhaps attracted most attention. "Every great handicap," he said, "offers a premium to fraud, for horses are constantly started without any intention of winning, merely to hoodwink the handicapper. "So sound were his views on handicapping considered to be that he soon was in request as a handicapper in matches. His first notable handicap was in the memorable match between Lord Eglington's Flying Dutchman, five years, and Lord Zetland's Voltigeur,

four years, at the York Spring Races of 1851, when he made the older horse give the younger 8½ lbs, and the former only won by a short length in a race of two miles.

There had long been a cry for a public handicapper who should be above suspicion, and in the year 1855, to the satisfaction of everyone, Admiral Rous (he had been

promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue in 1852) was appointed to that post by the Jockey Club.

The Admiral's labours as a handicapper were stupendous. He was often to be seen, field-glass in hand, in the early morning, watching the trainers' strings at Newmarket to see if there were any shirking of work going on, with a view to tempting him to bestow a lenient impost, and his eagle eye seldom failed to detect the pulling of a horse in a race with the same end in view. Every day on his return home he noted in his big book all that he had seen, and posted it up as carefully as any merchant his ledger, though occasionally some unscrupulous owner succeeded in hoodwinking one who, from his own high sense of honour, could not believe a gentleman capable of stating what was untrue, yet as a rule all attempts to throw dust in his eyes signally failed, and his remarkable astuteness and ceaseless vigilance did much to keep within bounds the undoubted scope for dishonesty and chicanery which the system of big handicaps afforded.

In 1865 the Admiral's indefatigable labours met with fitting recognition from the racing world. On the 18th of June in that year a testimonial was presented to him at Willis' Rooms in the shape of three magnificent silver candelabra and a portrait executed by Mr. Henry Weigall, for which upwards of £3,000 had been subscribed.

Like all men of strong character and individuality, the Admiral was "stiff in opinions" and not easily persuaded that they could possibly be wrong. He had his fads, too, two of the most pronounced of which were his aversion to tobacco and his objection to betting. On the former point he and his old friend George Payne were at one,

both holding the opinion that half the ills that modern flesh is heir to may be traced to the use of "that vile and pernicious weed."

And to heavy wagering he was hotly opposed. In one of his impetuous letters to "The Times" he proposed that any person winning more than £30,000 over one race should forfeit his winnings, and that any Member of the Jockey Club who won more than £50,000 upon a race should be expelled from that select body.

It is not easy to follow the Admiral in his arguments, or to see why if a man be allowed to win £29,000 in the one case and £49,000 in the other without protest, he should be punished for going a thousand or two beyond those limits. But Admiral Rous often declared that as a Turf legislator it was his chief wish to provide for the best interests of those who, as he phrased it, were "in the £10 line of business."

Against the Leviathan bettors, however—like Mr. Merry, who won £70,000 upon Thormanby, or Sir Joseph Hawley, who netted £80,000 on Beadsman, or Messrs. Naylor and Chaplin, who landed more than £100,000 apiece on Macaroni and Hermit respectively—the Admiral's indignation was boundless.

The enemies of the Great Handicapper—and so honest, fearless and obstinate a man was bound to have enemies—asserted that the result of this strongly held and strongly expressed objection to heavy betting was that when a dispute arose between a gentleman and a bookmaker the Admiral, if appealed to, consciously or unconsciously, gave the preference to the latter. It is possible that in a few cases the strong bias of the Admiral's mind

may have warped his sense of justice, but such cases were very rare, for he certainly strove to be the best of his ability to be strictly just in all his decisions.

Another modern fashion against which Admiral Rous lifted up his voice with much bitterness was the practice of giving extravagant presents to jockeys and making pets of these precocious mannikins. He was fond of contrasting the custom of such men as Sir Charles Bunbury and the Duke of Grafton, who thought a £10 or £20 note a handsome douceur for winning a Derby, or Two Thousand, with that now in vogue of presenting a jockey with such sums as £1,000 or even £2,000 and £3,000.

I need hardly say the contrast was greatly to the disadvantage of the present system, a point on which all sensible men will agree with him. But then the Admiral attached little importance to jockeyship, and after many years of experience thought one jockey as good as another.

The grand old sailor-sportsman had passed his eightieth year before those who saw him on the race-course noticed any signs of decay in his iron frame. But at last there came the "one clear call" that bade him prepare to "cross the bar." I recall vividly with what eagerness sportsmen looked for the daily bulletins of his health all through that long and fluctuating illness, chequered with gleams of hope to the last, which ended on the 19th of June, 1877. "The Admiral is dead." How sadly the news came from every lip, for the whole sporting world felt that it had lost—

*"A man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like
again."*

For Better Health

HELIDON SPA

- * A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- * HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity . . . improves digestion . . . helps to purify the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily, Helidon Spa makes up for some of the deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

HELIDON SPA
For Better Health

Sport and War

Memories of 1914-1919

Sport and War!

Two words that seem to have no common ground, yet in the preparation for the grim game of War, sport has and is playing a great part.

For more years than we care to count, sport and games have been big things in the life of the English speaking races. Was not Waterloo won on the playing fields of Eton?

But it was not until after the War of 1914-1918 that other nations realised the value of sport in training soldiery and by intensive organisation fitted their young men with the sterner side of life in view.

During the last War it was soon found that the humdrum monotonous "right wheel, left wheel" of the soldiers' drill was all right in its way and very necessary, but in order to put snap and verve into the combatant and to keep his brain alive, it was necessary to find something to interest the men.

Sport was the thing; its competitive interest was just what was required to ease the monotony in training and out of the line.

So we found that even the games of our childhood were introduced into the physical exercises and even into rifle drill. Looking back on it all, it seems amusing to think of grown men playing "egg in the hat" and "chasings" with all the joy of five-year-olds. But what a relief from the everlasting "slope arms." Anything to keep away even for a while the thought of the front line.

To the old soldier, much of this must have been something to be scoffed at as demonstrating the "sissyness" of the new generation, but the wise leaders saw in it all something to be encouraged, so that it is on record that when General Birdwood once sighted a diligent platoon commander drilling his men, who were supposed to be resting, at rifle exercise on a snow covered field with the temperature round freezing point, he told the unfortunate "one pipper" off and ordered games.

The value of sport in training was one thing, but to most minds its value loomed up in its proper magnitude when the troops were out of the line.

Sport-loving Australians never had to be induced to play football, cricket, or whatever else was available. No sooner had they had a sleep, a wash and a shave, than arrangements were being made for intercompany matches and, when the rests were of longer duration, interbattalion and brigade games.

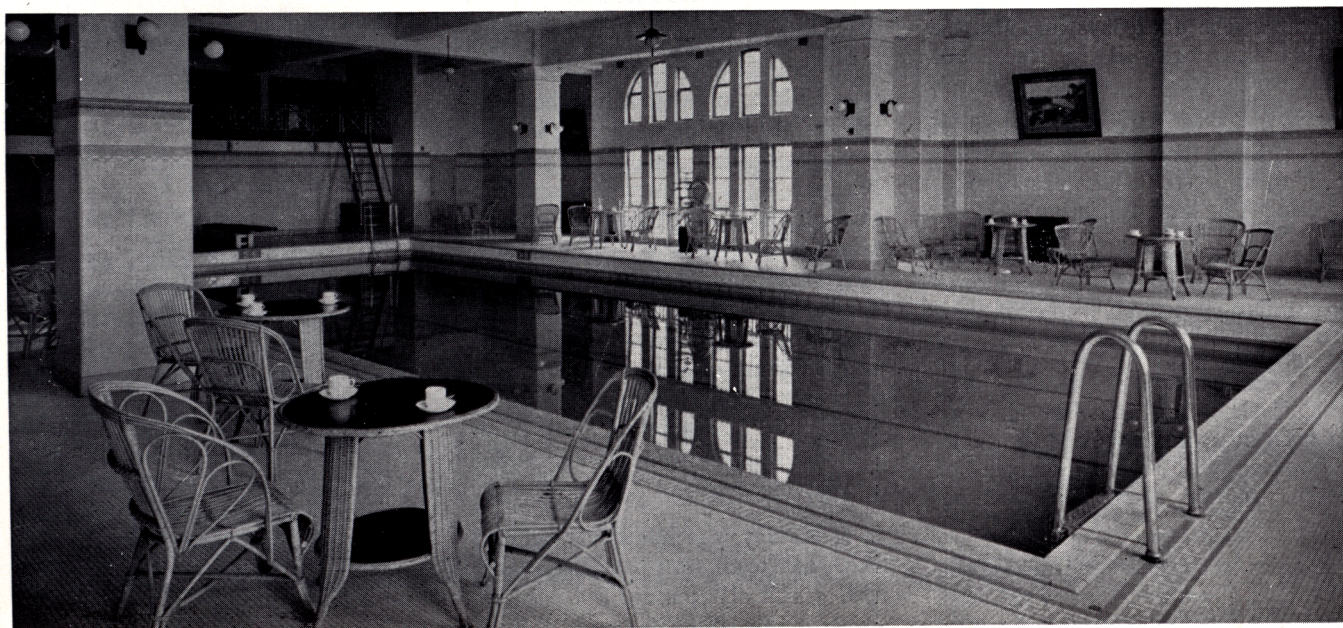
At times the hostilities were almost as keen as between the enemy and us. Thousands of francs were bet on results, and I remember being taken fifty miles by car to referee a grudge football match on which the betting was heavy, because I was neutral.

I suppose I shouldn't say it, but after the game I was forgotten in the excitement of celebration, and had to find my way home as best I could.

Those football matches provided the means for the Digger to get some of his own back by means of a kick on the shins of the Colonel in a heavy ruck for officers and men were in it for all they knew.

But those games provided relaxation, momentary forgetfulness and a means of clearing the mind of

(Continued on page 14.)



The Club Swimming Pool

Sport and War

(Continued from page 13.)

problems that often seemed too heavy.

Nor was horse racing overlooked. Some of the race meetings held under the threat of bombing aeroplanes and well within shell range were wonderful. At one meeting the bookmakers were registered and wore top hats and frock coats—trust the Digger to find those somewhere.

They had pencilers, too, and the betting was wide. A tote operated, and there was a bar. Fields were big and the whisperers were abroad to hand out the "good oil."

One could almost imagine oneself back at Randwick, so well was the meeting conducted, only for the "two-up" and "crown and anchor" schools.

Alas that warlike days are here, but again sport is going to help in relaxing the fighting men and also the home front, for there too, sport plays its part.

Throughout the world sport has grown so popular in the last two decades, and golf has reached such heights of popularity that instead of leading a forlorn hope with a football at toe, as did an English officer in the dark days of 1914, his 1939 successor will hit the little white pill along.

Then, as in 1918-19, the end of the present conflict will probably call on sport to fill in the time of waiting for demobilisation.

One looks back on 1918-19 and thinks with pride of the wonderful Australian sportsmen who held their own with all-comers in sport, as they did in war.

This time, if fate wills that our men go overseas, it will be the same. New men will revive memories of those splendid sportsmen of 1914-1919.

Names to conjure with were those of the Rugby Union side which beat New Zealand, who eventually won the Empire championship. "Jackie"

Beith, Carroll, Suttor, Roger Bradley, Billy Watson, Jimmy Clarken, Bill Cody were amongst them, grand footballers all, who later showed in Australia how the game should be played.

Boxing, too, brought forth many well-known men—"Digger" Evans, who fought famous Jimmy Wilde in a glorious battle to lose on points, a decision which was hotly argued in army circles for a long time.

Harold Hardwick, who was awarded a cup at Aldershot by the votes of all competitors in the Inter-Theatre of War tournament as approaching most closely the ideal sportsman; Arthur Cripps, Gordon Coghill, "Tibby" Watson, were all men who kept Australia's name to the fore in the roped square.

Perhaps it was at tennis that Australia did best in those glorious Armistice days. Just gaze at the names of the A.I.F. team: Norman Brookes (now Sir Norman), Gerald Patterson, R. Lycett, R. V. Thomas, S. N. Doust, Pat O'Hara Wood and A. B. Jones. There's a team that could hold its own anywhere. No wonder they carried all before them.

In track and field games the boys were not as successful as in other sports, but in swimming the Australian team did well, despite the presence of then world's champion, Norman Ross, of America, and carried off the Inter-Allied 800 metres teams championship through the performances of Bill Longworth, Harold Hardwick, Ivan Stedman and Jack Dexter. In events in England and Belgium, other prominent swimmers in "Tod" Solomon, George Morris, Sid Springfield, "Son" Barry and Sam Lindsay were always on top or very close to it.

At Henley, the home of sculling, the A.I.F. team won the King's Cup with grand all rounder Sid Middleton rowing No. 6, and though beaten narrowly by Cambridge in

the Inter-Allied Championship in Paris, the crew had already had a wonderful list of victories, and so had the No. 2 crew.

Now for cricket! Well, we all have seen the records of the A.I.F. team and the names of some of its members became famous on many a Test field. Just look at a few of them! Jack Gregory, Charlie Kelleway, Oldfield, Pellew, Herbie Collins, Carl Willis, Johnny Taylor! Names to conjure with, not to mention Love, Winning, Bull, Docker, Trennery, Long, Lampard and Co.

Yes, those were glorious days of sport, those of the Armistice. Wonderful sportsmen and splendid soldiers!

Please Omit Miracles

St. Peter and St. Andrew,

They played at golf one day.

St. Peter stepped up to the tee

And smartly squared away

He swung 'round nonchalantly;

The ball sailed out and up.

It bounded for a hundred yards

And nestled in the cup.

St. Andrew shoved his ball

A little to the side;

He flicked a feather from his wing

And his own ball he eyed.

Then with a mashie niblick

He whaled that pellet small.

It rose and bounced and settled

Beside St. Peter's ball.

The two saints with their caddies

Strode grimly to the green,

And in the hole both golf balls

Were plainly to be seen.

St. Andrew wrote the score down

And, as they turned away,

Said "Pete, let's cut the miracles

And just play golf to-day!"

—George Porter Lewis.

Billiards and Snooker

September has been a very busy month in the Sydney billiards world.

Our own annual tournaments have been brought once again to a successful conclusion whilst the Australian and State championship events have also engaged attention. We had more than a passing interest in all.

President of the Australian Amateur Billiards Association is our own W. Longworth while Hans Robertson is a regular contestant in title events.

Unfortunately we cannot offer congratulations to Hans for sweeping victory.

For the fourth time he had to be content with the position of runner-up in the State snooker event. His friends aver the honour is fast developing into a permanency!

But we can and do offer sincere congratulations to Empire and Australian champion R. ("Bobby") Marshall of Westralia on again proving his right to be termed the greatest amateur ever.

The Commonwealth title event was played in Sydney between September 18th and 23rd and each State with the exception of Victoria was represented.

Marshall ran out an easy victor with an average per stick of 29.27, while amassing an aggregate of 3,072 points. During their stay in Sydney the title contenders visited our Club and were loud in their praises of all they saw.

Our Own Tournament.

Reverting to our own tournaments, it is pleasing to record that many of the finishes were exceedingly close in both billiards and snooker.

Victories by margins of less than 10 points bespeaks volumes for the capabilities of our handicappers.

Without dwelling on the "unfortunates" who failed to manipulate the balls in best style during early heats, let's spend a moment or two on the semi-finals. This is the way they went:

Billiards: C. E. Hall lost to "G.J.W." 223-250 and Hans Robertson won from J. W. Plaskitt, 250-224.

It is worth noting that "Robbie" was placed 150 points behind scratch, whilst the others in the order named, received 90, 40 and

over G. Webster (rec. 65) 72-92; 99-83; 90-75.

Final in Main Hall.

With only the finals to be played it was decided to erect a special match table in the Main Hall and the date fixed was Tuesday 26. Of that more anon.

There is a great social side to billiards and snooker and countless pleasant hours are spent by members on the green cloth during each month. It is, probably, in the friendly and competitive sphere that club life reaches its peak and good natured banter is thoroughly enjoyed by players and onlookers alike. That is as it should be.

Billiards may fairly lay claim to high position as a national pastime. It has, too, an advantage which we cannot despise. It is independent of those vicissitudes of the weather that so often mar other activities. Also, it provides in most delightful form, complete relaxation combined with exercise.

And now, a few particulars about our finals:

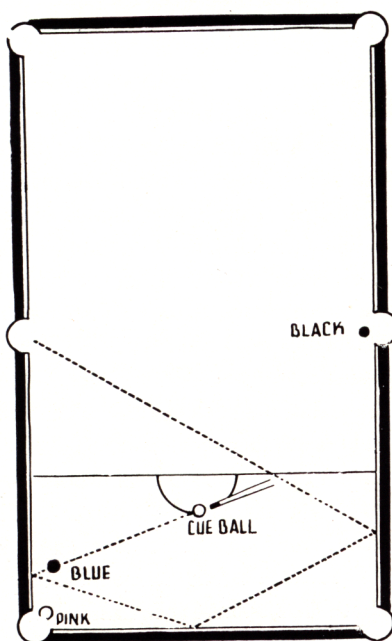
The Grand Finals.

As heats indicated, the billiards and snooker finals proved exciting. Members turned up en masse to witness prospective prize winners putting their respective best leg forward and few could have even hazarded a guess at the final results after the games had progressed half way.

In the billiards sections, "G.J.W." (rec. 40) met Hans Robertson (150 behind) and won well, 250-219 after the scores had been called 149 all.

At that stage it looked all over bar shouting, but "G.J.W." came again and, after being caught, played far better than when he was being chased. With the board showing 206-201 in his favour, the winner strung together a well compiled

(Continued on page 20.)



A brilliant piece of potting during a snooker heat. The non-striker played, as he thought, a "safe" shot but his opponent, per medium of the "marker's double", took all balls with ease.

130 points respectively. Thus did Robertson and "G.J.W." work their way into the grand final.

In the snooker division the semi-finals were played best two out of three games and resulted:

I. Green (rec. 65) won from J. W. Plaskitt (rec. 70) by 84-116; 117-101; 113-95 and H. J. Robertson (scratch) enjoyed victory

The Empire's Leading Liqueur



What is it that, in the space of little more than thirty years, has raised Drambuie to the position it occupies to-day as the Empire's leading liqueur and a world favourite? A liqueur which, in that comparatively short space of time has made such progress must be possessed of qualities that have a well-nigh universal appeal. An inquiry into its origin provides some explanation of this liqueur's astonishing increase in popularity in competition with those of foreign manufacture.

The method of the preparation of Drambuie has always been a carefully guarded secret, handed down by generations of one family who lived quietly and unobtrusively in the Isle of Skye. There, for 150 years—before it was introduced to a wider public—they produced their liqueur in quantities just sufficient to supply the demands of the old aristocratic families of the North.

The Isle of Skye has, in recent years, become the Mecca of visitors in search of natural beauty and magnificence combined with a charming old-world atmosphere created by a people of gentle manners, unspoilt by the inroads of modernity. This romantic Isle came first into the limelight when Flora Macdonald contrived, with the assistance of certain members of the Clan Mackinnon, to effect the escape of Prince Charlie from the Government Militia, who were endeavouring to capture him after the disastrous defeat of the Highland Army at Culloden. And thereby hangs a tale, because this episode is closely interwoven with the origin of Drambuie. The family tradition, handed down from father to son, is to the effect that

the Prince, knowing, that the proud and sensitive Highlanders would scorn to accept a monetary reward for saving his life, expressed his gratitude by presenting to one of the Mackinnons the secret recipe for his own personal liqueur. This had been carried by him from France, no doubt, with the intention of using it when, as he confidently hoped, he should win back the throne of his fathers.

So this remarkable liqueur has both a royal and a romantic history unmatched by any other beverage. When the custodians of the recipe began to distil the liqueur, they were restricted to ingredients which were available in their island home, such as barley malt, heather honey, wild fruits and herbs. The resulting liqueur thus acquired a distinctive character, redolent to the hills and moorlands of the Misty Isle. The quite inimitable tang and bouquet of Drambuie are the result of a continuity of the method of manufacture and distillation which are zealously carried on to this day by descendants of the original recipients of the Prince's favour. The present owner of the recipe was the first of his family to introduce Drambuie to a wider public who, quickly appreciating its wholesome character and exhilarating charm, have given it a place in their affections which no foreign competitor can challenge.

To-day Drambuie is on sale throughout Great Britain and the remotest parts of the British Empire, while it ranks as the most exclusive liqueur in the United States. It is also shipped to many foreign countries and is served on most of the great liners.

What Wines to Serve

Many prefer to serve only one wine with a meal. Choose it according to the main course. When you wish to serve a variety of wines with a formal dinner, the following is a safe guide :

Appetiser—Soup

DRY SHERRY.

Oysters—Fish—Shellfish

ANY DRY WHITE WINE.

Roast Beef—Lamb—Steaks

Chops—Pork—Pastes

ANY DRY RED WINE.

Creamed Dishes

ANY DRY WHITE WINE.

Wild Duck or Game

BURGUNDY.

Port is often enjoyed with cheese before the dessert.

Dessert

SPARKLING WINE OR ANY SWEET WINE.

Many connoisseurs prefer a rich Sherry. Some, sweet Sauternes.

With the Coffee.

BRANDY.

For Afternoons and Evenings,

ANY WINE.

but sweet wines or sweet Sauternes are preferred, served with biscuits or cakes.

New Names to Grace the Racing Stage

Not the least of an owner's worries is the selection of a name for his embryo racehorse, problems which have beset many in past weeks, faced with the necessity of complying with the unwritten rules of the Registrar of Racehorses.

As from next month the racing public will have before it the latest additions to the ranks of racehorses, two-year-olds with a new set of names. This season owners have made some happy selections and if in other cases the connection between juvenile and his or her sire or dam is a trifle oblique, the result generally justifies a little licence.

For "What's in a Name?" does not apply to the racehorse in more than one way.

It is singular that horses with short, apt and snappy names have been the best performers for many years, and, conversely, the unfortunates have been those with names of little significance, or not pleasing to the ear, or extraordinary combinations of syllables of the names of sire and dam.

Many owners have found it necessary to be armed with several alternatives, for while the Registrar and his staff always are helpful and considerate, they have to refuse some of the happiest efforts for the sorriest of reasons. Similarity to, or duplications of, names of horses of recent times cannot be permitted for the obvious reason of possibilities of confusion, nor can the names of famous horses in other countries be adopted for local use. Otherwise the selections are unlimited.

As the majority of Australia's greatest performers have carried names of seven or eight letters, Ajax being the latest notable exception, it will be interesting to watch the progress of the latest crop of horses.

Phar Lap (seven letters), Amounis (seven), Gloaming (eight), Limerick (eight) still head the list and they are supported by Windbag (seven), Peter Pan (eight), Mollison (eight), Carbine (seven), Manfred (seven), and Hall Mark (eight) to travel only half way down the records.

Mr. Percy Miller this year has deviated from the short rule in the naming of his colt, Broadcaster, the most surprising feature being that

prising if he proves to be a misnomer.

Mark Twain, for the son of Hall Mark and Eulclare pleases the ear if only slightly applicable, but it will surprise if Mr. W. Booth does not have the laugh on the opposition more than once with this handsome colt. Friends of the Rosehill owner, trainer and breeder, and they are a goodly number, will agree that he is a fitting owner for a colt with this name.

There is a touch of quiet humour in Mr. Hunter White's selection of Free Man for his chestnut colt by Buoyant Bachelor from Malvina.

The dam's name hardly enters into the scheme, but the Free Man and Buoyant Bachelor combination should be appreciated by bachelors and doubtless will be by benedicts.

Incidentally Mr. White has been paid a tribute in the naming of Hunter Valley for a chestnut colt by Tippler from Valley.

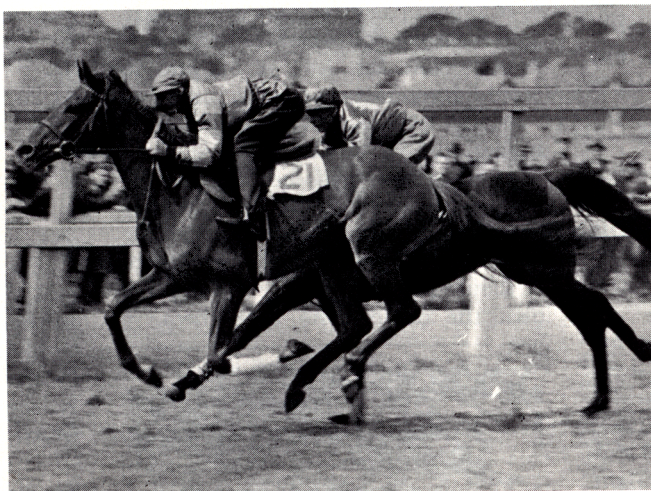
Super Special for the bay filly by Medieval Knight from The Earth

is elusive and doubtless is derived from the name of her dam, suggesting the culmination of a success of an extra special race tip. Super Special aims high but it is to be trusted achieves her owner's ambition.

Lily Brayton for the Hall Mark-Desdemona colt is roundabout, but will be appreciated by an older generation of theatre-goers, though Mickey Rooney for the Brazen-Maggie-Alwyne colt is not significant, even if theatrically it is up to the minute.

Colts and fillies by Lo Zingaro have presented problems solved slightly by the knowledge that the sire's name was that of a Romany chieftain. O. RAKLO therefore, for the colt from Recuperator is apt

(Continued on page 18.)



Phoebe, a sister to Peter Pan, winning her heat of Two-year-old Trials.

this has not been claimed before for a colt by Marconigram. As Broadcaster's dam is Lady Canberra, there is also some suggestion from that side in these times when the leaders of the nation have found it expedient to address all Australians through the wireless stations. In addition Broadcaster has shown himself to be a colt with no mean galloping ability, a fact which his owner has not kept secret. In this case the rule should be maintained of a good name for a good horse.

Flying Knight, for the colt by Medieval night from Air Queen, has been well chosen by Mr. E. Hunter Bowman. In addition, this colt has been able to step out to such purpose that it will be sur-

New Names to Grace the Racing Stage

(Continued from page 17.)

for in the Romany language O. RAKLO is a gipsy boy and the chestnut colt may be a real lad.

Mr. Walter Devon, owner of The Buzzard-Calculat filly, was at his wit's end for a name. He had tried a lengthy list without avail. The final choice was as simple as it was suitable, at least from the dam's side, Addition.

One of the neatest efforts from over the border in Victoria is Preamble for the Parenthesis-Variance colt who will be raced by Mr. S. A. Rawdon.

Almost as well known in Sydney as in his homeland, New Zealand, Mr. J. Hennah, who bred Cuddle from Caress, has had to coin an endearing name this year. For the brown filly by Bulandshar from Fondle he has claimed the strange-looking, if effective, HUGME.

J. E. Pike will train the high sounding Indian Emperor for H.H. the Maharajah of Kolaphur. This colt by Harinero from La Bergeronnette is interesting in being a half-brother to Sylvandale.

All Agog for the Excitement-Whakatara colt brings in his sire's name neatly and effectively while Tidal Wave reflects his sire Tideroce and not his dam My Own. Tidal Wave is Mr. J. T. Jamieson's main hope in the early two-year-old races.

Fearless Fox recalls a horse of some quality overseas and is the name claimed for the Foxbridge-Eager Rose colt trained by Mr. Geo. Price for the gentleman who hides his racing identity under the name of "Mr. W. Biey." Fearless Fox is as wise a choice as the colt is a promising galloper. It is a name easy to remember.

Mr. R. R. Dangar has contrived to mind his "P's" and with Phoebe almost misses his cue. Peter Pan's sister by Pantheon from Alwina, however, is a worthy member of the family.

Tops, for a filly by Brazen from Highness is up-to-date; Caprice, for the Hall Mark-King's Consort filly deserves high marks, and Decree for the Lawmaker-Maiden Hair filly is the logical outcome of such legal entanglements.

This year racegoers may see a Spun Wool and a Spun Gold. The former is a chestnut colt by Waikare from Spun Silk and Spun Gold a chestnut filly by Plantain from Samite.

Combination names to many are anathema but this year there are some almost excusable. Hammond is not by Winning Hit but is a brown colt by Chatham from Haughmond, a neat way out, and to be preferred to Chatoona for the Chatham-Silveroona colt.

Dollar Gram obviously is a colt by Marconigram, and as his dam is Dollar Line, this is another combined effort which emerges with flying colours.

Magnette, if effeminate, is a neat compromise for the Madagascar-Netley colt. But left at Magnet it would have attracted even more.

Many owners yet have to find names for the more backward two-year-olds who will not be racing until later in the season. There are some golden opportunities for those interested in suitable naming, even if they are not fortunate enough to own the horses who bear them.



TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB

FIXTURES :

October 19th
(Thursday)

The Lakes Golf Club
Stableford Par.

Donors of Trophies : W.
Ford, A. Wolfensberger
and A. Peel.

Handball

Ivor Stanford, one of the most improved players in the club, will play Eddie Davies, one of the stars of past and present seasons, in the final of the Club Championship.

Results of games played to date in the three Grade Championships are:

"A" Grade Championship.

First Round: A. Pick forfeited to I. Stanford; N. E. Penfold forfeited to F. Lazarus; F. Chilton defeated C. Bastian.

Second Round: L. Israel d. W. A. Tebbutt, 28-31, 31-25, 31-26; I. Stanford d. F. Chilton, 31-30, 31-27; K. Hunter d. F. Lazarus, 31-27, 30-31, 31-20; E. Davis d. E. S. Pratt, 31-21, 31-21.

Semi-Finals: I. Stanford d. L. Israel, 31-18, 31-21; E. E. Davis d. K. Hunter, 31-15, 31-22.

"B" Grade Championship.

First Round: I. Green d. R. Pol-lard, J. N. Creer forfeited to R. J. Withycombe; E. T. Penfold d. G. Goldie; D. Lake d. E. Pratten; B. Partridge d. G. Pratten.

Second Round: J. Buckle d. I. Green, 31-29, 31-30; E. Penfold d. R. J. Withycombe, 31-28, 31-25; B. Partridge d. D. Lake, 29-31, 31-25, 31-29; J. Coen d. N. Conroy, 31-26, 25-31, 31-28.

Semi-Finals: J. Coen d. B. Partridge, 31-24, 31-27.

"C" Grade Championship.

First Round: N. Murphy d. R. Tobias, R. Morton d. J. Harris, T. A. J. Playfair d. Dr. W. Ingram, C. Salmon d. A. Lawton, L. Webb d. C. Forrest, E. Bergin d. R. C. Wilson, R. Payne forfeit from F. Dougall.

Second Round: W. G. Buckle d. C. Godhard, W. C. Allen d. E. G. Stocks, L. Webb d. C. Salmon, E. Bergin d. R. Payne, T. H. English d. W. Lieberman, W. S. Edwards d. N. Barrell, N. Murphy, bye.

Third Round: R. Morton d. N. Murphy, 31-25, 31-27, E. Bergin d. L. Webb, 28-31, 31-29, 31-24; W. S. Edwards d. T. H. English, 31-22, 31-17.

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SERIES No. 41.



(Photo. by Govt. Printer)

Port Macquarie, Birthplace of the Sugar Industry.

THOMAS SCOTT AND THE SUGAR INDUSTRY.

THE credit for the establishment of the sugar industry in Australia undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Thomas A. Scott. When he first visited New South Wales in 1816, Thomas Scott was quick to realise the excellent possibilities of this country for the growing of sugarcane. Although he was unable at the time to devote his attention to the cultivation of cane in New South Wales, he returned here after establishing the sugar industry in the Society Islands, and succeeded in interesting the Government in his plans. Since he was not offered what he considered a salary sufficiently high to match the importance of the work, it was arranged that he should receive a commensurate reward when he had proved the success of his plans.

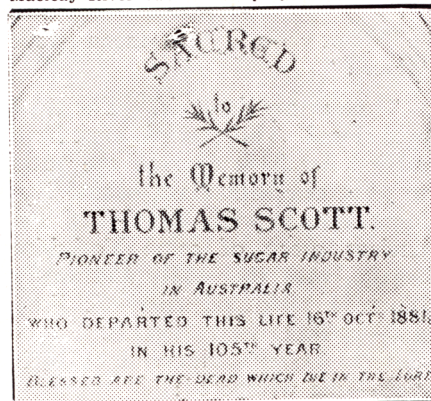
ON the Hastings River, near Port Macquarie, he established a model plantation, and in 1824 was successful in making the first sugar. The "Sydney Gazette" of October 4, 1824, reported the event as follows:—"We have before us a sample of the sugar which has been manufactured at the Government plantation at Port Macquarie under the management and superintendence of Mr. Scott, who is far from being other than a clever and persevering man. The specimen redounds much to his credit, and is calculated to satisfy an inquiring mind that the article sugar at no very distant day, will form one of our staple commodities; and if we are not able for a century to effect exportations, at least the laudable efforts of the Government will prevent further importations. When the Colonists perceive that the Government has met with success, we are flattered that private individuals will not long continue dormant—such is the spirit of adventure peculiar to Australia."

AS a result of this first effort, Thomas Scott was rewarded with £800, and commanded to plant sufficient cane to make possible an annual output of 200 tons of sugar. As reward he was to receive half of the manufactured sugar entirely free of any charges. The Government was to supply all necessary machinery for the treatment of the raw product. In April, 1825, the "Sydney Gazette" published a glowing account of the progress made at Port Macquarie, and ventured a forecast for the following year: "The produce of this has more than doubly exceeded that of last year, not only in growth and extent, but also in luxuriance. This year the Government will be reimbursed all its expenses on these experiments; and in 1826 there will not be less than 200 tons of sugar, and 10,000 gallons of rum, the produce of that year."

UNFORTUNATELY for all concerned, the machinery supplied by the Government was quite inadequate for the work, and after but seventy tons of sugar had been manufactured the machinery collapsed. Added to this misfortune was that of bushfires, which ravaged the crops. It was a very serious setback to the infant industry and apparently the Government began to lose interest in the development of sugar growing, for we find that in 1828 Scott left the Government employ. He continued with his sugar experiments, how-

ever, in a private capacity. In 1833 he established a model plantation at a cost of some £250 to himself. His efforts met with very little encouragement; in fact, for almost forty years he worked doggedly in the face of deadening discouragement. After all these years of determined labour he had the satisfaction, in the sixties, of seeing the sugar industry established on a firm basis.

"FOR a period of forty years," wrote the "Illustrated Sydney News" in February, 1869, "he publicly and practically demonstrated the fact that this colony was most suitable as a sugar producing one, and by almost herculean efforts, and amidst numberless discouragements, has succeeded in creating an interest in the minds of several private gentlemen, who have expended a sum of nearly £50,000 in the formation of sugar plantations in this colony, which will shortly render New South Wales independent of foreign supplies of that valuable article of food and commerce, and confer on this colony the elements of national prosperity. Plantations are now formed at Lake Macquarie and Port Macquarie, upon which large sums of money have been expended in supplying the necessary machinery. At the Macleay River two are in progress of erection:



Epitaph on Scott's Grave at Gosford.

at the Bellinger, more than 200 acres are now under crop, and about the same quantity also at the Clarence and Richmond Rivers. The development of these plantations may be expected to take place during the next few months. Dr. Lang has introduced a motion to the House, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Scott with a gratuity of £1000 for his indefatigable and successful exertions during a period of forty years, in naturalising the cultivation of sugarcane and the manufacture of sugar in this colony."

"It Was Because of Binns"

(Continued from page 9.)

"Binns, I want to explain why we never wrote; you never gave us any address.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. But much of the time I was unemployed. I thought that if I let my whereabouts be known to any of my former employers it might distress them." Her grey eyes caught my shirt front. "I'm afraid you're not being well looked after, sir. These modern servants have no pride in their work. Your—if you'll pardon me—your studs don't match!"

I didn't try to see my studs; I said: "That couldn't have happened when you were with us."

She smiled. Binns did know how to smile, after all. And the worst of it was that hers was a smile of gratitude.

"That's most kind of you, sir. I was very happy in your service and madam's. You both let me show you how—how things are done here in England. I hope I made them a little easier for you." A swift spasm contorted her thin face; she threw it from her—and the old prim note re-entered her voice: "Yes, I hope I do know my place, sir."

All those serving years in all those houses—mine among them; in them and never of them! Next her place was on the dole. Her last place, this hospital cot. Bitterly, my republicanism blurted:

"What do you mean—your 'place'?"

"I mean my duty, sir." The tired eyes closed. Those words must have carried her back through the years to some catechism class, behind ivy-hung church walls that faced the ancient green of some Yorkshire village, with this white and weary Binns, a pink and energetic little girl—spindle legs, pigtails. For, quite to herself—though I heard it plain—she whispered:

"To learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me."

A few minutes later He called her again.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from page 15.)

38 break to make his tally 244 and his opponent was unable to make anything like a serious dent in the deficiency.

The game ended as indicated. Both players are so popular that one regretted both could not win; however, winner and loser adopted sportsmanlike attitude throughout and congratulations at the end were as profuse as sincere.

One incident might be quoted as indicating the atmosphere all through.

"G.J.W.", in playing a hazard, accidentally touched the red ball with his cue — one of those gossamer-like touches that went unnoticed by the great majority of those present. Immediately he "fouled" himself, to the great joy of all sportsmen who applauded the action, as it deserved. Incidentally, Robertson was "called" once only. The game was free of incident.

The snooker final again brought Hans Robertson into the limelight, and this time I. Green was his opponent. Hans conceded 65 points start per game in the best-two-out-of-three effort and again succumbed 42-94; 94-81 and 106-67.

As is customary in the multi-ball game, fortunes fluctuated en route and whilst the loser set his vis-a-vis many brilliant snookers, Green caused much joy and amazement by the manner in which he extricated himself when all appeared to be lost.

Good potting eventually settled the issue and brought to a close the 1939 tournaments which, like those preceding them, had provided pleasure and recreation to members in general.

Congratulations to all concerned, and here's hoping 1940 will find the same entrants on deck in both sections, and that, in the interim, peace and prosperity will come to them and to our Empire.

Get Your Money's Worth from Food

By a Physician.

Few of us bother very much about what happens to food after we eat it. We enjoy the taste of well cooked edibles and the satisfaction of a substantial dinner. But are we nourished thereby?

A thick steak and a luscious baked potato will not add an atom to our sustenance unless they undergo numerous changes called digestion. When they are ready for absorption, there is nothing left by which we can recognise either the steak or the potato. Every article of diet must be dissolved before it can be of the slightest value to man.

Now some of us possess what may be termed a good digestion. A few may be troubled more or less constantly because the natural sources of ferments may be inactive. Strangely enough, the production of these juices depends—in part—upon the state of the sympathetic nervous system. The flavour of savory cooking will stimulate hunger, and if the individual is happy and in pleasant surroundings, the machinery will operate harmoniously. On the other hand, if the mind is filled with ugly thoughts—anger and resentment—not only the stomach glands but the whole gamut of helpful chemicals will go on strike.

Fatigue, loss of sleep, fear, apprehension and worry will have the same effect. In other words, the emotions can dry up Nature's springs so necessary for the preparation of foods for assimilation.

One of the important factors in the preservation of health is that nutriment shall be balanced. We do not want to be flooded by too much or deprived of essential ingredients. Most of us learn by experience that some courses are peculiarly suitable while others may be handled with difficulty or very badly.

The unfavourable reaction is not due to food sensitivity but to the fact that the solvents which the body supplies are not able to conquer these particular items.

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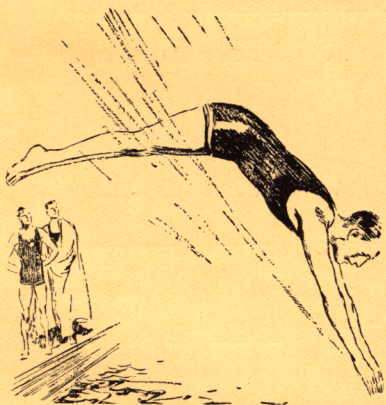
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Australian Jockey Club

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September 30, October 2, 4 and 7

FIRST DAY

A.J.C. DERBY, of £5000 One Mile and a Half
EPSOM HANDICAP, of £2600 One Mile
SIR COLIN STEPHEN STAKES, of £1500 . . One Mile and a Half

SECOND DAY

BREEDERS' PLATE, of £1300 Five Furlongs
THE METROPOLITAN, of £5000 . . One Mile and Five Furlongs

THIRD DAY

CRAVEN PLATE, of £1500 One Mile and a Quarter
GIMCRACK STAKES, of £1300 Five Furlongs

FOURTH DAY

RANDWICK PLATE, of £1250 Two Miles

WARWICK FARM RACES

Saturday, October 21st 1939

Nominations for all events close on MONDAY, 9th OCTOBER, 1939, at 4 p.m.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.